

Appendix

Selected Biographies with illustrations

Harry's historical family musings



Oliver (Left) and Roy (Right) Stimson

Both grew up on the farm South of Masonville, Iowa. In Andy and my early years, Oliver and Margaret were still on the family farm, Grandpa Harry had moved to Masonville, and Roy and Hazel had moved to the Savage farm. In his declining years, Grandpa Harry moved to Marion to live with Clyde and Alta Pogue.



Oliver W. Stimson

Oliver W. Stimson, 66, lifelong Delaware county resident, died Thursday at Mercy hospital, Cedar Rapids, following a six weeks illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Stimson farmed for many years until 1961, when they moved to Manchester. He had been employed at Wallaces, Inc., for five years and Fergesen Implement company for two years.

He was a member of the Methodist church and the Masonville grange.

Born Jan. 30, 1902, he was the son of Harry S. and Mary Cross Stimson. He attended rural school in Prairie township.

On July 18, 1928, he married Margaret Jones at Whitney Methodist church north of Winthrop, and they engaged in farming.

Funeral services were Saturday at 1:30 p.m. in Bohnenkamp funeral home, with the Rev. Charles Kimbrell officiating. Burial was made in Greenwood cemetery at Masonville.

Mr. Stimson is survived by his wife of Manchester; two sons, Charles W. of Earlville and Dean of Decatur, Ill.; three daughters, Mrs. Dean (Frances) Carradus of Wheaton, Ill., Mrs. Robert (Fern) Clang of Cedar Rapids and Mrs. Dale (Grace) Crippen of Hiawatha; one brother, Roy of Independence; two sisters, Mrs. Bertha Olive of Manchester and Mrs. Clyde (Alta) Pogue of Marion, and a number of nieces and nephews.

He was preceded in death by his parents, one sister and two brothers.

Obituary

Roy Orval Stimson

Roy Orval Stimson, 77, died Jan. 5, at University Hospital, Iowa City. Services were held Jan. 9, at the First United Methodist Church, Independence, with the Rev. E. Edward Philgreen officiating. Music was provided by Marion Gates and Mrs. David Dodge. Burial was in the Troy Mills Cemetery.

Casket bearers were David Bovenmyer, Steven Bovenmyer, Dean Bovenmyer, Kenneth Sherman, Keith Sherman and Richard Sherman.

Stimson was born Sept. 24, 1900, in Delaware County, the son of Harry S. and Mary (Cross) Stimson. He attended Iowa State College, Ames, and was a farmer near Independence for many years. He also worked at the Jefferson High School for 12 years, before retiring in 1938. He was united in marriage to Hazel May Phillips Dec. 3, 1924, at her parents home, Center Point.

He was a member of the First United Methodist Church, Independence, and a member of the Farm Bureau.

Stimson is survived by his wife, two daughters, Mrs. Leon (Ruth) Bovenmyer, Masonville; and Mrs. William (Dorothy) Sherman, Alburnett; three sons, Lloyd Stimson, Cupertino, Calif.; Harry Stimson, Independence; and Andy Stimson, Waukegan, Ill.; 16 grandchildren; two great-grandsons, two sisters, Mrs. Bertha Olive, Manchester; and Mrs. Clyde (Alta) Pogue, Marion. He was preceded in death by two brothers, Oliver and Vernon, and one sister, Esther.

White Funeral Home, Independence, was in charge of arrangements.

Roy and Hazel Stimson

At some point, Grandpa Ed and Effie moved to a farm in the Center Point area and that is the reason that Mother Hazel graduated from Center Point High School. She attended the University of Iowa for at least a semester and returned to work off the farm with local farm families.

My story I remember is that Father Roy didn't graduate from High School but Iowa State had a program where young people in his situation could attend winter quarter, in fact that was the reason for the quarter system at Iowa State.

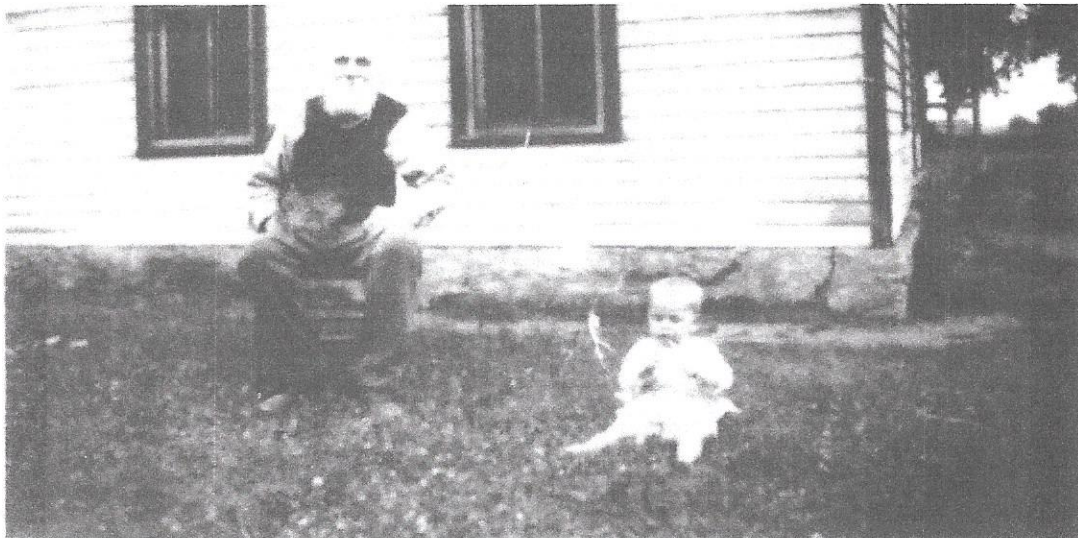
It was working out with local farm families that led to their meeting and eventual marriage.



Hazel May Phillips
Graduation from Center Point



Roy Orval Stimson
Student of Agriculture at Iowa
State College, around 1922



**It looks as though Ruth
was given a treat to get**

Esther and Clarence Popp

Esther was a sister of Roy and died shortly after the birth of their third child. The three daughters were named Alice (Quint), Mary Main), and Emma (Bacon).

Clarence was a veteran of WWI and suffered from the effects of Mustard gas. He had this constant cough but was great fun when visiting. He was doing OK until WWII came along. Then he developed an irrational fear that he would be called up to fight the Germans again. So, he took off. Supposedly, he signed on with the wheat harvest in the Dakotas. The girls were farmed out to Grandpa Harry and others. The farm was rented out and Father Roy was named administrator of the farm. So about once a year Clarence would show up for whatever money was coming, spend some time in Troy Mills with the town loafers, and he would disappear again.



DEATHS

CLARENCE R. POPP.

Funeral services will be at 11 a. m. Wednesday at O'Keefe & Towne funeral home for Clarence R. Popp, 68, of 111 Vine St., who died Monday morning at his home of a heart condition. Rev. Robert Swanson, associate pastor of First Methodist church in Cedar Falls, will officiate. Burial will be in Memorial Park cemetery.

He was born June 6, 1894, at Hudson, the son of John G. and Katherine Popp. On Oct. 18, 1923, he married Esther Stimson at Masonville. Ten years ago he moved to Waterloo where he had been employed as a janitor at the Friedl Apartments. He was a veteran of World War I.

Survivors include three daughters, Mrs. Lee Main, Central City; Mrs. Nick Quint, Aurora; and Don Bacon, Central City; grandchildren. He was preceded by his parents, wife, brothers and one sister.

SERVICES FOR MRS.

1930 Esther Popp Friday

Funeral services for Mrs. Esther Popp, 31, wife of Clarence R. Popp, residing on a farm seven miles southwest of this city, who died at the Sartori hospital about 2 a. m. Wednesday, will be held from the First Methodist church at 2 p. m. Friday with the Rev. W. G. Rowley officiating. She died following the birth of a baby daughter Tuesday morning, but death was due to heart disease, according to the attending physician.

Mrs. Popp was born in Delaware county, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Stimson. She was married to Clarence Popp Oct. 18, 1923, and the couple moved to the farm near here.

She is survived by her husband and three daughters, Mary 5, Alice 4, and the two-day-old daughter. She also leaves her parents at Masonville; two brothers, Roy, in Buchanan county and Oliver, in Delaware county and two sisters: Mrs. Loren Olice, Chickasaw county and Alta Stimson, Masonville.

Harry and Andy

I definitely look like I am up to something. Andy and I are sitting on the old foundation wall after the original barn burned.



Barn Cats

Being a dairy farm with lots of skim milk and lots of rodents, cats were a welcome addition. And made excellent companions for Andy and I. Unfortunately, Father had no time for cat veterinarians. As a result, there were periodical episodes of what I remember as distemper. And it took a while for our cat population to recover and the whole cycle to continue.





Phillips Family Picture

Rear row- Hazel, Nona, Blanche, Edna

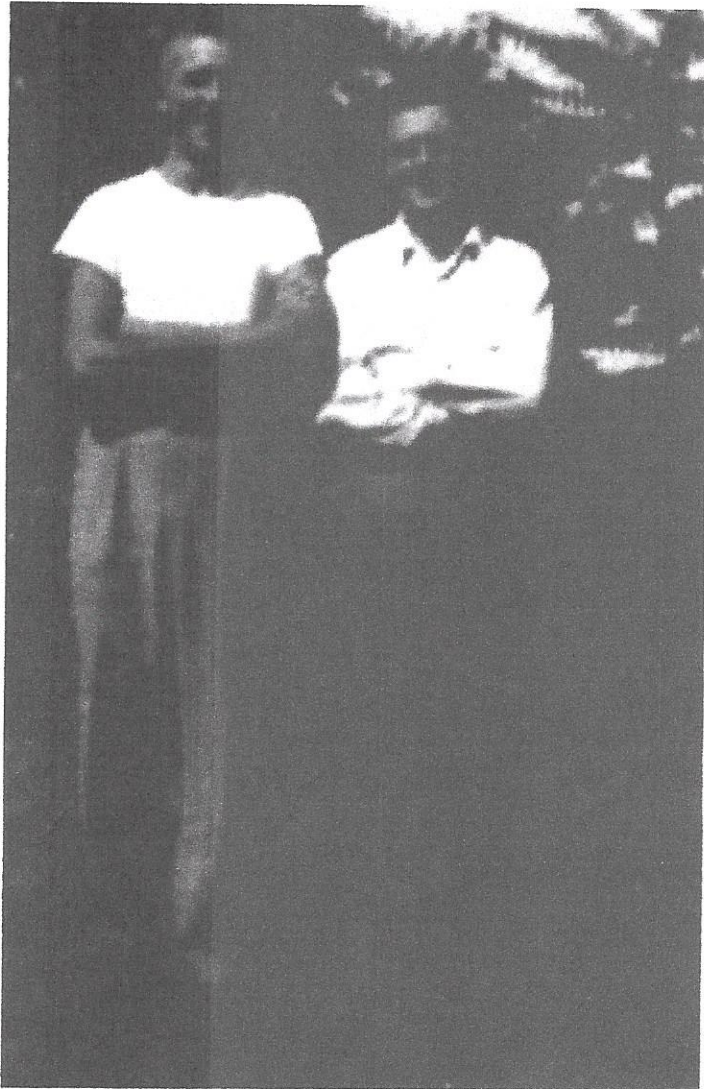
Front row- Donald, Paul, Effie, Ed

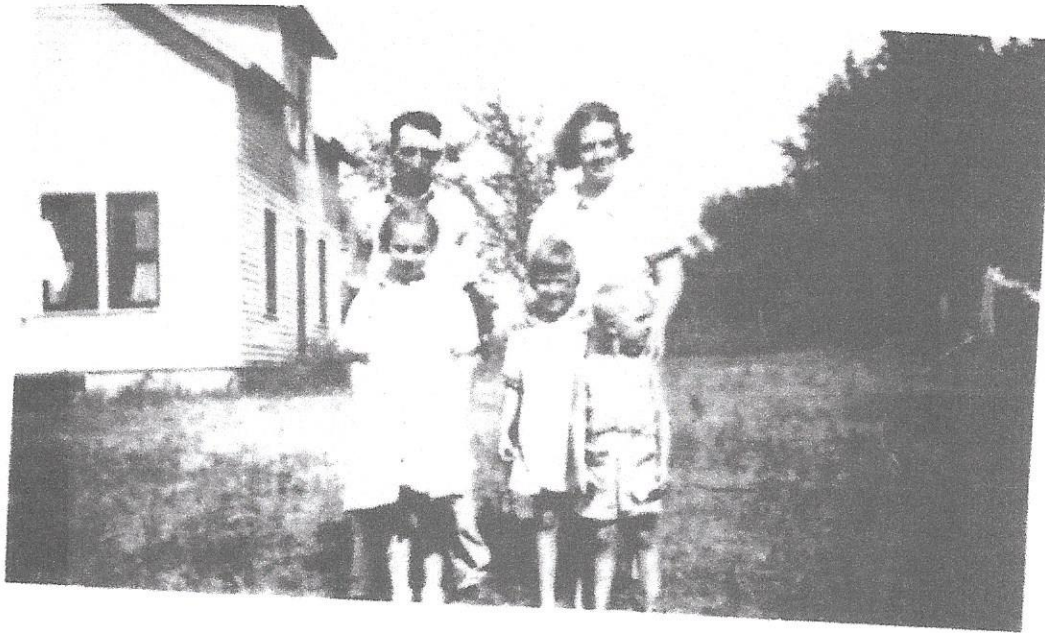


This photo was taken on the front porch of the Liberty farm so I can place it as 1953 or later. Grandpa Ed passed away in 1958 and Grandma and Paul came to live with Roy and Hazel. After Grandma passed away, Paul moved to the Buchanan County home.

Lloyd and Earl/Lloyd, Dorothy, Ruth, and Earl

Earl was always a part of our family. Therefore it was quite a shock when he committed suicide.

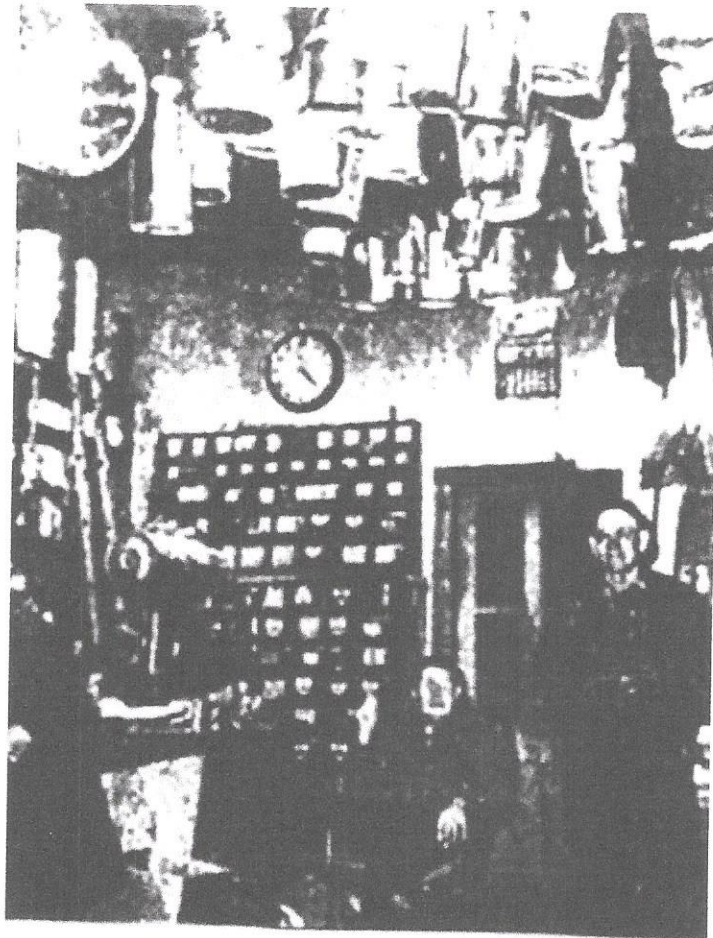




The family at home.
About 1927



Monu Iowa Circa 1950's



Clarence Price Hardware Store
Stewart Keller, Vessie Ramsey and Clarence Price



Kiene Community Congregational Church
 Washington, Iowa



Store and CA & N Depot, Kiene, Iowa-
 early 1900.

William Bruce/John M. and Eliza (Bruce) Phillips



William Robert Bruce

Fifty year reunion

CENTER POINT - The Center Point High School class of 1922 held a fifty year reunion May 28, 1972. They met for a six o'clock dinner at Bishop's Cafeteria, Lindale Plaza, Cedar Rapids.

Of the 12 living members, seven of the class were present with their guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Everette Williams Center Point, Mr. and Mrs. Hollis Pross, Rockford, Illinois, Mrs. Mary Miller Blazer, Owen, Wis., and her guest, Mrs. Zora Adams, Central City, Miss Davidine McGinnis and her guests, the Misses Lula Belle and Viola McGinnis, Center Point, Mr. and Mrs. Noel Wheeler (Aubrey Jones) Quasqueton, Miss Grace Soukup, Cedar Rapids, and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Stimson (Hazel Phillips), Independence. A former teacher, Mrs. Brubaker White of Cedar Rapids, was also present.

A short business meeting was held by the president, Everette Williams, and secretary, Hollis Pross. Many memories were recalled and all enjoyed visiting with past classmates. Letters were read from Mrs. Bethel Haas Victor, Inglewood, Texas, Mrs. Gladys Durow Mentzer, Glendora, California, and Mr. Ross Miller, Spring Valley, California.

The Class of 1922 decided to hold another reunion next year.

Coggon Couple Will Observe Anniversary

INDEPENDENCE — Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Phillips of near Coggon will observe their golden wedding anniversary at an open house this afternoon and evening in their home.

Mrs. Phillips is the former Effie Todd. After their marriage Jan. 21, 1904, in Canton, S. D., the couple returned to Buchanan county to farm. Mr. Phillips, 78, still farms his 20-acre farmstead. He is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Phillips, pioneer county residents.

The couple's children are Mrs. Roy Stimson, Independence; Paul, at home; Mrs. Alpha Hawkins, Winthrop; Mrs. Duane Kingsley, Arlington Heights, Ill.; Mrs. Wilbur Van Fossen, Oregon, Wis., and Donald Phillips of Urbana. There are 17 grandchildren and six great grandchildren.



FIVE GENERATIONS—Pictured above are five generations of the Todd family of Coggon. Back row, left to right; Mrs. Ed Philips, Mrs. Roy Stimson; front row, Mrs. Mary Todd, 93; Mrs. Leon Bovenmeyer holding her daughter, Virginia Bovenmeyer.

DOROTHY STIMSON WEB TO WM. E. SHERMAN SUNDAY

At a pretty candle-light service Sunday afternoon, February 20th at 2:00 o'clock in the Troy Mills Methodist church, Miss Dorothy Stimson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Stimson was united in marriage to William E. Sherman, son of Emery Sherman of Alburnett. The Rev. Clyde Scott read the double ring ceremony before an altar decorated with candelabra and flowers.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a floor-length satin gown which extended into a junior train and the tight-fitting bodice was accented by a lace yoke. Her veil of illusion net was finger-tip length and she carried a bridal bouquet of pink roses tied with pink ribbon. Her only ornament was a double strand pearl necklace, a gift of the bridegroom.

Miss Ruth Stimson served her sister as bridesmaid and wore a blue taffeta dress and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Robert Domer of Marion was best man. Miss Ann Trieckter, a friend of the bride sang "Always," "Because" and "I Love You Truly" preceding the ceremony and "The Lord's Prayer" following it accompanied by Helen Price at the piano. Us'ers were brothers of the bridal couple.

Both mothers wore black dresses and had corsages of yellow roses.

After the happy couple return from their wedding trip they will make their home on the bridegroom's father's farm near Alburnett.

ursday, January 22, 1948

Rev. Homer Todd Dies in Pulpit

Notice came to the Sioux Valley News this week of the death of the Rev. Homer Todd, son of Mrs. Mary Todd, on January 4. Rev. Todd died of a heart attack in his pulpit as he was delivering the sermon.

Mrs. Todd is living now with her daughter, Mrs. Effie Phillips at Coggon, Iowa. She will be 88 years old February 6

Biographical Sketches

The English Language

Father Roy was well versed in many of the old sayings or phrases of the old days. One went something like this. Suppose he wanted to emphasize a point, say about the weather. He would say, "It's going to rain tomorrow, just as sure as God made little green apples."

The thing that I've found interesting is that sometime later, in a song that I'm sure that you are familiar with, the lyrics went, "If that's not loving you... God didn't make little green apples, and it don't rain in Indianapolis in the Summertime..."

So to begin with, just where did the 'little green apple' phrase come from and just what did it mean? And more difficult, just what did the songwriter mean when he said that God didn't make little green apples? I'll leave you to ponder this.

It was only recently that I met a young lady with her young blond son and I said something to the effect that, "Boy, he's a real towhead." The mother looked at me like, "Did you just insult my son or what?" I had to stammer around and finally say that towhead was a term that I grew up with and as far as I knew, it was an affectionate term.

Then again, one time someone asked me just what a John Doe was doing in my office and I said we were just smoozing. Once again, a frown came over her face and once again I had to turn to the dictionary to see if there really was a term call smoozing. I'm afraid that in her mind, she mis-identified the term as smooching, and that wouldn't have been too good.

You know you're getting older when you have to search the dictionary to find some terms you are using and then have the additional humiliation of finding the notation 'anachaic' after the dictionary definition.

This whole theme leads me to wonder just where some of these things come from. Like "the whole kit and caboodle," 'the whole ball of wax'. You have to sympathize with people who are studying American English as they stumble their way through all these old sayings. Well, that's the way the ball bounces, that's the way the cookie crumbles, and that's the way the mop flops. That's after it has rained cats and dogs.

And that's all she wrote.

Father After Farming

In the middle 50's, after moving to the Liberty farm, I think everything combined, but especially financial difficulties let father to quit farming. Father and Mother kept their finances to themselves so I really don't have any memories of any particular difficulties, just the memory of Mother asking me one day what I would think if they gave up farming.

Father got a job as an aide at Independence Mental Health Hospital. You can guess that he wasn't happy with this job. One day, the High School principal, Mr. Lybeck, called me in and asked if Father would be interested in a custodial job at the school. Father was interested and he got on at the school. The position was an evening job where he went to work at 3 or 4 in the afternoon and involved cleaning the empty classrooms and being on duty during evening school functions.

I must have been just about a Senior at the time and just getting into the basketball routine. I suppose there might have been some concern on my part about my being active in High School and having my father being a janitor. About playing the basketball games and knowing your father was mopping the floor above during halftimes. We all knew Father as a proud man and this seemed to be sinking to a low position.

But I've said this many times and I will repeat it here. I'm sure that Father suffered greatly during the early 50's with financial problems and the final indignity of leaving farming. But the job he chose was a wonderful tonic to Father. The administrators, the teachers, and the students all treated Father very well. He was Roy, and he was present at all many and varied evening school activities. From the often lonely world of the dairy farmer, he entered the active and vigorous world of the High School. I think Father really thrived in his job.

Mother never drove while Father was alive. Since Mother was working at MHI on the 6:30 to 3:00 shift, Father would get up and take Mother to work, go back and pick her up at 3:00, take her home, and then it was back to school by 4:00 for his evening shift. During basketball season, I had practice after school, and I had to take the car home after practice and return late at night to pick up Father after work. Father and Mother followed this routine for many years until they retired. The disadvantages of this arrangement are obvious, but the advantages were good at retirement time since both Father and Mother retired with over 20 years of active working.

In the meantime, Father waited until he had gained a little money back and bought a few cows. Gradually, over a period of years, he created a stock-cow herd of about 30 cows. Dollars and cents wise, the stock cows were not a very profitable venture but I know the great pleasure Father took in working with his cattle and tending the cattle. They were his and for the first time in his life, they were all his, there was no bank loan, and there was no half-interest as on the Savage farm.

As their finances improved, Father also started to buy better cars and there were no more hand-me-down cars for Father and Mother. They also started to enjoy traveling and did a lot of traveling over their later years.

Best of all, over the years, Father mellowed considerably until during the 1970's, and in his later years he allowed himself to show considerable affection for his

grandchildren and in general was a warmer and more accessible person that he was in his younger days.

In his older years, he had several health problems, including prostate trouble and an ulcer. He was also having "spells" that had not progressed to a serious stage, but were worrisome to Mother and I because we feared that they were the onset of more serious problems. He became entangled in an electric fence one day and that disoriented him so much that I found him wandering confused in the field West of the barn. Mother kept a supply of candy bars handy and she would have Father eat a candy bar when he had one of these occurrences and it did seem to help.

Father was 78 when he had his fatal accident and even though we were all traumatized by the tragedy of it all, I think that Mother felt and I know I felt that if there was a saving grace, it was that we were spared seeing Father fall into any sort of old-age decline which would have been very painful for us to experience, also.



Grandma Effie

Grandma Effie (Todd) Phillips is one of those people who, if we all had our chance to revisit again, would be a logical choice for all of us. When she was a young girl, she moved to South Dakota in 1893 with her Mother Mary (Richardson) Todd and that was where she endured the winter of only eating beans, or was is potatoes. The pioneer movements of the time were always to the West and Effie's parents followed the trend, looking for greener pastures. Unfortunately, the pastures weren't very green those first years.

Grandma Effie returned to Iowa and married John Edward Phillips and took up farming back here in Iowa. She probably observed more modernization and more change during her lifetime than any of us ever will, but I think that we all would agree, even in her advanced old age, she was quite capable and knew exactly what was going on.

She never failed to take care of Paul. And either Grandma Todd visited Effie often in Grandma Todd's old age, or Grandma Todd stayed with Effie in her declining years.

When Kim arrived, of course Kim spoke good English but wasn't that understandable to Effie. And Effie talked in rapid bursts that was even hard for me to catch sometimes. Whatever, Grandma Effie and Kim got along great and you'd see them in the kitchen chattering to each other quiet energetically without either of them really understanding what the other was saying.

Effie never lost her faith in her church and never gave up her devotion to Paul. I've often thought about Mother Hazel and Grandma Effie and Great-Grandma Mary before them. They could all have probably sung the song "Nobody knows the trouble I've seen". But I never heard them singing this song.



Grandpa Phillips

Grandpa John (Ed) Phillips seemed to us to be a rather well respected and gentle man who always seemed to have a dime in his pocket for each of us when we visited. Life must have been hard for Grandpa and Grandma and as mother recounts in her writings, while they devoted their lives to their children, financially, there couldn't have been much success.

I was never really privy to their farming history and my memories begin with Grandpa and Grandma living on the small 20 acres just west of our farm with a small old house (with an interesting attic) and several small outbuildings. We would help cut wood and often I would cringe at how close Grandpas coatsleeve would come to the buzzsaw.

Grandma would be careful with the fires and she would get disgusted with Grandpa when he would come in and build up the fire. In the morning, he didn't hesitate to throw kerosene on the fire and pretty soon, sparks were pouring out the chimney. It wasn't until later, after Grandma had moved to Father and Mothers, that the house did burn. I flew over the old place last year and took a picture. There is very little evidence that there was ever a farmstead there.

Grandpa got a little senile in his old age and Grandma had to watch carefully, as he would go to hoe the corn and have difficulty getting back. He never did understand television and he would go behind the set and try to figure out for himself just how those people got into that little box.

When Grandpa died, since the little farm was in Paul's name, there were very little assets left but he had purchased a \$1,000 insurance policy and it was paid up many years ago, like in the 1920's. Naturally, the insurance company was glad to pay the \$1,000, and I don't know whether it took a lawyer or what, but sooner or later the insurance company paid some more interest and came through with about \$2,400, which paid for the funeral.

Grandma ordered a headstone from a man in Independence and wouldn't you know, the man either died or left town, and no headstone ever appeared. I know that I have appeared to be critical of Father at times, but he never failed to come forward and financially assist Mothers family and he always insisted that they be buried properly.

Grandma Effie tried to plan ahead for her own funeral and bought and paid for a funeral long ago for \$400.00 from Bill Harris at Quasqueton. She outlived Harris and McCleary purchased the funeral home in Independence. Naturally, when Effie died many years after she had purchased the funeral, McCleary told Father and Mother that if he had to do the funeral for \$400.00, he would have to bury Grandma in a pine box. Father and Mother ponyed up once again and bought a decent funeral for Grandma Effie. And of course, Mother and Father endured quite a bit of expense with Paul later. Its one of those things that I've always loved my parents for and Mother would probably be turning over in her grave is she knew I was writing this.

Uncle Paul

I suppose every family has an Uncle Paul. I myself don't know just how to describe Paul. Grandma always thought Paul was normal until he got the measles. Grandpa thought that a cow had kicked him. I think that the new in-laws marrying into the family probably wondered if Paul indicated some genetic defect in the family.

I've always admired Grandma Effie for her devotion to Paul. She included Paul in everything, she got him to Church, and she kept him as long as she was physically able. Grandpa Ed seemed to just ignore Paul.

Paul could have been helped in today's world. He could count and played a good game of dominoes which he and Grandma played often. He could write fairly well. During the heavy work seasons of planting and harvesting, Paul was in demand by neighbors for help and he could do all the chores asked of him.

It was the social graces that Paul lacked. He would constantly come up to us and put his arm around our shoulders and ask, "Do you like me?" And of course he would do this with total strangers. To we young people, he could be an intense embarrassment. In the small Troy Mills community, everybody knew Paul and everybody accepted Paul. When Grandma and Paul came to live with Mother and Father, I have to say that I was proud of our Independence Methodist Church and the way the congregation came to accept Paul.

Father Roy, of course, wasn't so hot to be seen in Church with Paul. In fact, while Paul lived with Mother and Father, Father and Paul lived in a sort of silent truce. After Effie died, Mother followed Effie's footsteps and did her best to make a good life for Paul in his older years. And when it came time to bury Paul, Father and Mother made sure that he got a nice funeral.

To Andy and I, Paul was a pretty good buddy. Caps and capguns were one of our favorite toys. The caps came in a box of multiple rolls, which we broke apart to fire off one roll at a time. Andy and I and Paul were in the basement of the house on the Savage farm and we were taking individual caps and hitting with a hammer on an anvil. Then we got the idea of hitting a roll of caps at once. That made quite a bang. Then we got the idea of hitting a whole box of caps at once. "Here Paul," we said, "take this sledge and hit the whole box!" It made a tremendous roar. Paul had false teeth and as he laughed, the upper part of the false teeth fell down. Mother didn't think the whole thing was that funny.

We'd take the post driver and find a can that fit just right into the driver. We could play mortar by dropping a cherry bomb down the pipe and then the can. It would shoot that can quite a long way. We would take a bolt and screw a nut partially on. We would cut the head off wooden matches and fill the nut with matchheads, then screw another bolt into the nut from the opposite way. If you threw that contraption just right on a piece of cement, it would explode and blow the bolts off the nut.

Of course, Paul would be following us around like a puppy and my memory is that he enjoyed every minute of it.

Yes, Paul, we liked you.

Aunt Nona

Hazel's sister Nona married Wilbur VanFossen and early in my memories, moved to a farm in Wisconsin. We used to visit Nona and Wilbur when they lived on the farm. Nona was always super friendly to Andy and I and in the 50's the families did exchange visits. The visits gradually ended and there was always something unsaid between Grandma and Grandpa and Nona.

Mother, Edna, Donald, and Blanche did their best to maintain contact but it seems like Nona was just not enthusiastic anymore about visiting. She was here perhaps 10 years ago and I took Nona, Blanche, and Mother down to visit the old homestead (the creek farm). I think Nona enjoyed it but in my own amateur way, I would say that Nona looked like she was suffering from a profound depression. (I would also say that Grandpa Phillips exhibited signs of depression, also.)

The reason I am saying all this is that I was privy to a conversation between Effie and perhaps Edna or Mother and they were discussing Nona and her evident feeling of alienation from the family. Effie said, and I know what I heard, that she felt that Nona had never been the same after an incident on the way to or from school when a group of older boys took her down in a ditch and assaulted her.

I used to tell Mother that I thought that the Phillips genes were getting rotten and there was just too much odd behavior among her brothers and sisters. She didn't like to hear that but I think she wondered herself.

As I get older I'm beginning to believe that I was wrong. If we could go back and visit Mother and her brothers and sisters when they were very young, wouldn't they have been a bunch of bright, chipper young children? What we were seeing in their older age was a family that suffered who knows what trials and tribulations.

Anyway, in my youth, I had no reason to wonder such things. To a flatland farmer from Buchanan County Iowa, a trip to Nona and Wilbur's farm in Wisconsin was an adventure not to be forgotten easily. That farm had to be the hilliest farm that I ever had the privilege to walk over. Cousin Howard and Cousin Darius took great pleasure in showing us around and target shooting with the 22 rifle of Howard's.

They had one game that they thought was great fun and we lugged tires up the side of the hill and set them rolling. Of course, one of the first tires we rolled gained great speed and crashed through the corncrib. That put an end to that game.

Uncle Donald

Uncle Donald seemed to have a normal childhood and worked for a time as a hired man for Father and Mother when he grew older. Then came W.W.II and Donald joined the Marines. Over the course of the war, he served in the Marines in some of the most vicious of the island campaigns but came back and was never injured that I know of. At least physically.

I remember that during the war, Grandpa Phillips was persuaded to go to the Comet Theater in Coggon to see a movie featuring the Marines. There was a scene involving drunkenness and womanizing and Grandpa Phillips walked out on the movie.

The war ended and therein lies the tale. I've always had this vague memory that Donald got married in California just after the war. It seemed to be one of those things that just couldn't be done and my memory is that Grandpa Phillips went to California and put an end to such foolishness. Donald came home and married Bessie and they began their family. They moved on the old creek place although I was too young to know the details, Grandpa Ed and Grandma Effie moved to a smaller farm closer to Mother Hazel and Father Roy, and soon Donald moved to a farm on the other side of Walker.

Evidently, his farming career didn't last long and they moved to Urbana where they live today. Ruth and Leon, Dorothy and Bill, along with Mother and Edna have always tried their best to include Donald and Bessie in the family activities and I have always admired them for that.

My principle memory of Donald is of the endless procession of dilapidated old cars that he drove and his seeming obsession with these old cars. A meeting with Donald always involved listening to the latest recitations of the ills of the latest auto misadventure. I'm telling you, Donald wasn't quite all there. Father barely tolerated Donald.

I have to mention Donald and Bessie's oldest daughter, Peggy. Peggy was one of my most loyal correspondents during my service in the Marines and I don't suppose it is any accident that she married a man who was making a career out of the Marines. It was such a tragedy that her Marine husband was killed in an auto accident several years ago.

Donald and Bessie made a trip to Le Jeune and on a stopover at a motel, everything was stolen out of their car. Maybe I'm being too hard on Donald. Maybe he is just the worst hard-luck case every to come down the pike. I forgot to mention that a woman killed his oldest son, Billie with a shotgun in a domestic dispute.

NAME:

Donald B. Phillips

SERIAL NUMBER:

374980

BRANCH OF SERVICE:

Marine Corps

BORN:

August 17, 1916

HOME RESIDENCE:

Coggon, Iowa

FATHER'S NAME:

John E. Phillips

MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME:

Effie M. Todd

SCHOOL:

Troy Mills Consolidated

ACTIVITIES:

Basketball

COLLEGE:

None

AFFILIATED FRAT., ETC.

American Legion

CHURCH:

Methodist

MARRIED:

TO:

Yes Bessie Van Tasser Phillips

CHILDREN:

None



Donald B. Phillips -- Cont'd.

OCCUPATION BEFORE ENTERING SERVICE:

Farming.

INDUCTED OR ENLISTED:

Inducted at Fort Des Moines, Ia. March 2, 1942.

ENTERED SERVICE AT:

San Diego, Calif.

TRANSFERS: CAMPS, BASES, OR SHIPS:

From boot camp at San Diego, Calif. to "H" Co. 2nd Battalion, 2nd Marines in May, 1942. To Ha. Co. 2nd Battalion, 2nd Marines, 2nd Division in 1943. In Nov. 1944 to Camp Cheatham near Winburg, Va. then in July 1945 was transferred to Combat Co. at Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif. In Nov. 1945 transferred to Hq. Co. Service. Bn. and being a Police Sgt. rode on the transport Roosevelt to Guadal Canal June 20 to Aug. 7, 1945. Also served on the Thelin, Zelin, Biddle, and others.

INJURY OR SICKNESS:

Malaria

HOSPITAL ATTENDED:

None

PROMOTIONS & DATES:

Pvt. First Class Feb. 1943.
Corporal - August 16, 1944

MEDALS, RIBBONS, AND CITATIONS:

Presidential Unit Citation with cluster, Asiatic Pacific Theater Ribbon with five battle stars, Good Conduct Medal, Victory Medal, American Theater Ribbon.

FURLOUGHS, DATES:

October 1944----30 Days.
June 1944 -----10 Days.
October 1945----15 Days.

PLACE & DATE OF DISCHARGE:

Oceanside, Calif. March 7, 1946.

Donald B. Phillips-----Cont'd.

REASON:

Four Year Enlistment Ended.

DISCHARGE PAPERS SIGNED BY:

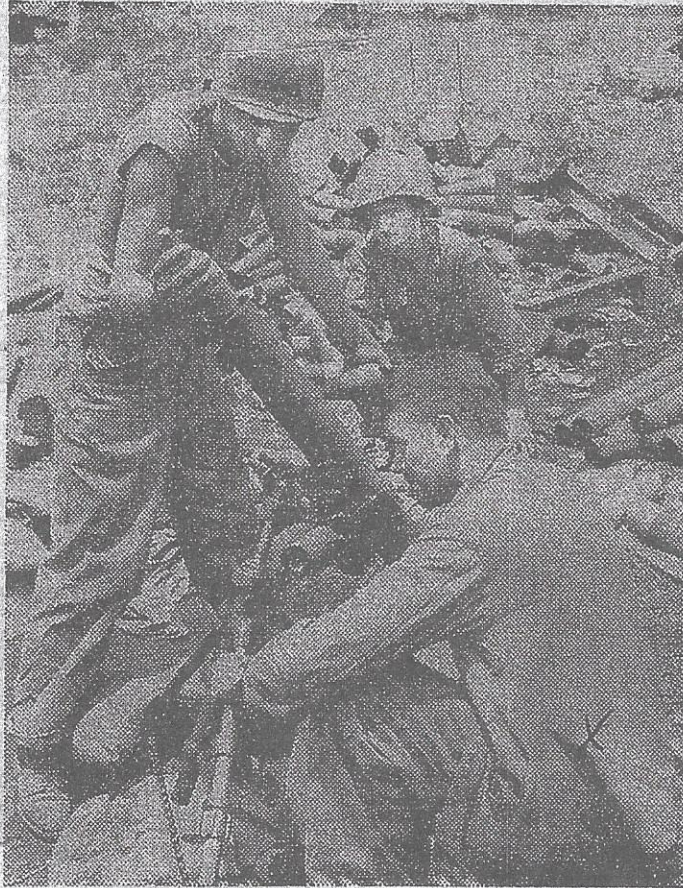
Capt. C. R. Bates.

ACCIDENT OR DEATH RECORD:

None

REMARKS:

Was on Tulagi, Guadal Canal, Tarawa, Saipan and Tinian. Overseas from July 1, 1942 to Sept. 30, 1944. In Asiatic Pacific, Solomon Islands, New Zealand, Gilbert Islands, Hawaii Islands, and the Marianas.



A MORTAR CREW . . . in action on Tinian island includes Pfc. Donald B. Phillips of Coggon, gunner, (at left); Cpl. Melvin Lettman of Ogden, Utah, and Pfc. James E. McClard of Cape Girardeau, Mo. The pile of empty cartons around the men is evidence that they've been sending a lot of shells into Jap territory.

The original of this picture hung on Grandpa and Grandma Phillips living room wall even during Andy and my times and well after the end of WWII. I've often wondered whether Uncle Donald's experiences led me to join the Marine Corp.



Donald and Mother Hazel

This picture had to be taken during WWII. Mother looks very proud to have her picture taken with her brother Donald.

Uncle Alfie

Mother Hazel's sister Edna, married Alfie Hawkins. My memories of Alfie are faint but Andy and I did visit Edna and Alfie when we were young. They lived in a tiny house in Winthrop that wasn't big enough for themselves, but somehow, we all crowded in.

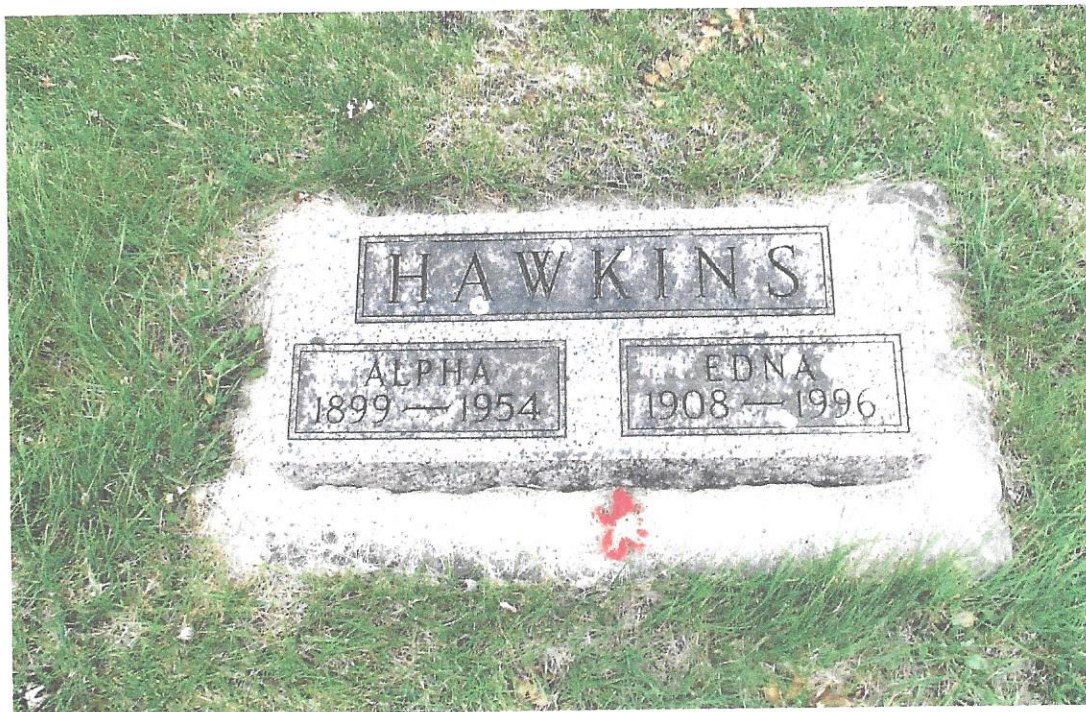
Alfie had a little workshop that he maintained, and from this distance in time, I can only suppose that he did a little handy-man work. I've also heard it mentioned that Alfie hauled coal in Winthrop.

But for recreation, Alfie took us out to Buffalo creek where he was an expert fisherman. We caught fish and one big turtle. So we learned how to prepare turtle to eat and had turtle soup.

Growing up in Newton township, Andy and I had very little experience with trains. That first night staying with Edna and Alfie, we awoke to the greatest rumbling and roaring which was quite frightening until we realized that it was just the train going down through the middle of town.

Alfie Hawkins died many years ago and Edna maintained her life alone for all these years, finally passing away in a facility in Arizona. Every Christmas at the family Christmas there were presents from Edna for all the children. This was one of the perks of an extended family.

Aunt Edna shared the concern of the older members of our family which is that the surviving relatives wouldn't be left with the expense of a funeral and burial when they departed. Edna's answer was to arrange for her own cremation before she died in Arizona. Dorothy and Bill made a trip to Arizona and picked up the Urn. In Winthrop, we had a memorial service at the funeral home and finally an internment at Silver Creek.



Uncle Duane

Mother Hazel's sister Blanche married a man from Chicago named Duane Kingsley. Truthfully, I always liked Duane and prefer to remember the good things about Duane and minimize the bad.

Duane is a good example of a person whose minor and often amusing little foibles gradually grow and grow until the foibles becomes major problems. I would describe Duane's major failing as a growing obsession with money which eventually overpowered everything else in his life and really endangered his relationship with Blanch and the rest of his family. I've always said the Uncle Duane and my Father were both casualties of the Great Depression. We might even label their condition as post traumatic stress syndrome. Both always had one basic underlying fear. That fear was that the depression might come back.

To return to Uncle Duane, we laughed because when he came to visit Iowa, he would tell how he would coast down hills to save gas. Of course, any unlucky driver who happened to be behind Duane on a two lane road wouldn't have enjoyed it because Duane would let the car roll back up the next hill until the last minute when he had to reengage the clutch. That was the amusing part.

Duane liked to travel and he arranged for an ocean voyage. But he wouldn't pay for a regular cruise and insisted on traveling by merchant ship and Blanche refused to go. Duane went anyway. That was decently amusing.

The unfunny part was when Blanch was forced to have mastectomies while they were in Florida and Duane refused to pay the bills. Lawyers got involved and finally I think Cousin Mary intervened and made Duane pony up.

The last move Duane made willingly was to a small summer cottage that was entirely unsuitable for year-round living and had rotten water to boot. Of course, Duane refused to budge, but again Mary intervened and forced Duane to move to decent housing.

He would force Blanch to live like that, but in the Nineteen eighties, he would tell of rolling over his CD's for 16% interest. Of course, I was not so enthusiastic as I was going broke paying 20% interest.

As I mentioned, Duane's attitude was formed by the Great Depression. His father owned a golf course, which they lost during the hard times of the thirties. In his younger years, he liked to golf and one of the last times he was out here in Iowa, we made arrangements to golf at Winthrop. We didn't go because he found out the green fees were \$5. Instead, we shot around our pasture, which was well grazed and was actually quite enjoyable.

I told Duane that I was thinking about building a golf course on the Liberty farm and he took it much more seriously than I meant and lectured me endlessly on the pitfalls and dangers.

I said that I wanted to emphasize the positive. Blanche and Duane were our families' Chicago connection. We would go to Chicago to visit Blanch and Duane and Duane would take us down to a Cub game. We would also visit the museums, the planetarium, Midway airport, and Brookfield zoo. We traveled one summer to Soldier Field to the Chicago Music Festival, featuring Mahalia Jackson. The lights were turned out during part of the program and everyone lighted a match or candle. It was greatly

impressive. The finish was the greatest round of fireworks that I have ever seen before or since.

I should mention the great arguments that Duane would have with Father Roy. Both had the capacity to debate and among the families there was general agreement that by the time Blanche and Duane visited the next year, they both might have reversed positions without ever realizing it.

Blanche and Duane were like our open door to the outside world, contrasted to our relatively isolated existence on the farm.

Not many pictures of Uncle Duane. But he always had an opinion. He took us to see a Cubs game on one of our trips to Chicago. He and Father Roy could always find something to argue about. And the next year they could pick up the argument where they left off, only reversing sides.



Cousin Earl

Our cousin Earl would come often to visit the farm and enjoy the sledding and farm life. I always enjoyed Earl's visits because he enjoyed the same ventures we did, and Earl also had an introspective side and we would have long talks. It was only later and too late that I realized that Earl seemed to have a preoccupation with death and the afterlife, but it was all just interesting speculation at the time.

I have mentioned in another place how Earl jumped into the farm life and joined in our activities, chores and all. I remember Earl sledding on the road and I believe that Mother had several pictures of Earl on his visits to the farm.

Earl joined the Navy and then began one of those periods of rather strained silence that infects our family when no one seems to be able to discuss problems or directly answer the natural questions of younger family members.

For some reason, Earl only lasted several months in the Navy. No one would tell me what the problem was, and maybe they didn't know themselves. It wasn't long after that Cousin Earl committed suicide.

Mother asked me shortly afterward if Earl had said anything to us about suicide. Of course, I said no, which was only partly true, but I never told anyone about the discussions we had had about the afterlife and how Earl had shown so much interest, or even now as I think about it, obsession with what happened after death.

To young boys like Andy and I, it was difficult to accept Cousin Earl's death. First was the enormity of his death, and second was the fact that it was a half-truth, at best, when we said that Earl had never talked about it. Not the actual act of suicide itself, but the preoccupation with the afterlife that he did express, long before he went into the Navy.

Why I felt it necessary to deny this to Mother, I don't know. Maybe in some way, we felt like we were guilty of something, like we had in some way encouraged him.

Grandpa Stimson

My first memories of visiting Grandpa Stimson were in Masonville. I believe that he had moved into Masonville and Uncle Oliver was living on the home farm.

As was the custom of the day, later in life, Grandpa moved in with Clyde and Alta in Marion. I believe that this was one of those old-time arrangements. Grandpa Stimson at least helped buy the house and in return, he lived there until the end of his life.

Grandpa died just after I landed in Vietnam so I can place the date as August, 1965.

Bill

Bill Sherman came into our lives circa 1947 and my first memories of Bill revolve around the motorcycle he rode and the airplane he flew. Luckily, he gave them both up soon and has lived a good long life!

Bill and Sister Dorothy were married in the Troy Mills Methodist Church and Andy and I ushered, if I remember right.

I stayed with Bill and Dorothy to help with the chores when one of the children was born and they were living in the garage of the farm that they lived before they moved to the present house, if that makes sense. Bill is such a competent person and always has so many ideas and projects that I tried to expose my sons to working with Bill as much as possible and I know that their experiences with Bill in a whole range of projects will stand them in good stead in their own careers.

Of course, Bill is still in demand in his neighborhood even after his retirement and I'm sure that Bill will have to put his foot down or he'll find himself working into his old age.

Bill and Dorothy and Ruth and Leon have always had a great relationship and still travel and socialize together. In some strange way, some of my nephews and nieces are ending back in Iowa and the Chicago area and both Ruth and Dorothy are finding themselves closer to their grandchildren.

And its a little unsettling to realize that some of my nephews and nieces are in their forties.

Miscellaneous Musings by Harry

New Liberty Road

Moving from the new road at the Savage farm, it was a step backwards and down to an old dirt road at the Liberty farm. Incidentally, the Liberty farm still has some large excavations that are labeled gravel mines on the soil map. I do believe that in the old days, gravel was excavated from our farm to build up the old roads in the area. This was not limerock but a reddish type of fine gravel like you might find in an old riverbed. Why it was located on the top of the ridges I don't know.

It was only a year or so after we moved before the Buchanan County crews arrived to build a new road. To begin with, a considerable number of large trees had to be removed from in front of our house and a great pile of green trees and brush soon accumulated. We waited for the experts to show us how to burn this pile of green wood.

One guy climbed up on the pile with some sort of combustible liquid, the fuel was lighted, and the guy got blown right off the pile. Andy and I just stood and looked at each other. So that is how it is done. Anyway, the pile did burn up.

Building up the road was easy in front of our place, but down the road the crews ran into a big exposed ridge of limerock. Day after day we could hear the equipment hammering and scraping, trying to build the road through solid rock.

Finally, the road was done, gravel was spread on top, and we were right back up on top of the world.



I was never very enthusiastic about deer hunting. I think it is something about living so close to the deer on the Liberty farm that it isn't right for me to shoot the same creatures that we live among peacefully for much of the year. At the same time, I can see that if hunting doesn't thin the deer herd, we would be overrun within a short time, both to our detriment and the deer.

But long ago, Bill announced that he would be up for the deer season and so I purchased some shotgun slugs and on opening day, it was out to get our deer. We weren't above using the knowledge of our deer's habits, along with the knowledge that it was sure that a group of hunters would move through our timber and drive the deer to us. So we went to the downwind end of the timber and waited for our shot.

We were on our stand early and it was cold and absolutely nothing appeared for us to shoot. Bill was patient but after a few hours even he had to admit that we weren't going to be successful. We began the long discouraged trek back to the house.

I was on top of the hill back of the house and for safety reasons, I broke open the shotgun and unloaded the shells. I happened to glance to the left, and there, standing there looking at me, was a large buck with a large rack, just looking at me with a big grin on his face, as if to say, "You idiot!"

You've heard of buck fever. I got it. I tried to gently and carefully get the shells out of my pocket and reload the shotgun. I raised and fired and actually saw the impact of the slug well short of the deer. Discretion being the best part of valor, the buck beat a hasty retreat and that was the end of my deer-hunting career.

I have found it far more enjoyable in rooting for the deer. Several years ago, and I realize that it is impossible to identify a single deer, there was a series of winters where the deer congregated in our timber during the winter. During that period, I counted over 35 deer at once, moving out of the timber late in the afternoon and browsing in our cornstalks. Along with that herd was a very large buck.

I've often said that when I walked through the timber and saw the deer tracks in the snow, that that buck left a track like a cow. I saw him once as I walked the edge of the timber and he was standing in the cornfield about 2-300 yards away. He looked like Stag from the bambi movie.

Every year, I would inquire of the hunters that passed through our farm if they had ever bagged a very large deer in the area and several of the hunting crews told me that they had seen him but I never heard of anyone bragging about bagging that big a deer in our area.

Then one winter, the deer didn't come back to the timber in those numbers and I've never seen that big a deer since. I can only hope that that old deer lived a long and happy life.

I have to mention deer meat. Soon after Kim and I were married, someone offered to give us some venison and not knowing any better, we accepted. I think that deer must have been shot in Wyoming and carried back to Iowa on the top of a pickup in 90 degree

weather because that deer meat was the worst smelling, worst tasting meat I've ever tasted. We swore off venison forever.

But more recently, the crews that hunt our property have given us some selections of deer meat from deer shot on our property. The deer are dressed properly, sent to the locker, and mixed with pork sausage. The result is really a treat and Kim and Teresa both thoroughly enjoy this deer sausage. And of course, we have the knowledge that these were our own deer, feeding on our own grass and local corn fields, so that probably makes us more receptive to the meat to begin with.

The radio and the world

The lack of the TV may have been a real advantage because it forced us to rely on the radio which in turn forced us to rely on our imagination. I've already mentioned the Sunday evening programming we enjoyed while doing the milking. Morning and noon programming was dominated by farm news.

The first real experiences I had of being glued to the radio were the Saturday Iowa football games broadcast by Tate Cummins and Frank Carridio. Well I remember the day that Notre Dame came to town and the game was close. Notre Dame was out of time outs but suddenly a Notre Dame player went down with an injury to stop the clock. Oh, the perfidity of that coach. Oh, the unfairness of the whole world.

Even today, I find it far more interesting to listen to Iowa football on the radio than watching on television. For one thing, a person can occupy yourself with other activities while still listening to the game. For another, the Iowa radio commentators are far more knowledgeable about the team than a regional or national broadcaster.

Then there were the annual World Series games between the New York Yankees and the Brooklyn Dodgers. I always rooted for the Dodgers but also had to root for Mickey Mantle. The teachers in the High School would set up a large TV in the band room and allow students to watch the ball games in free periods. It was sitting in that band room that I saw Don Larson's perfect game. I am one of those people who think that if the World Series doesn't have the Yankees playing, it isn't a real World Series.

But at home it was only the radio. Back in 1952, I found myself mesmerized by the political campaign. Truman had fired General Douglas MacArthur and for some obscure reason, MacArthur was my man. Of course, he didn't go anywhere but listening to the convention was agony. Someone would get up and say "Mr. Chairman, the great state of California casts 30 votes for Eisenhower, 10 votes for Taft, and 1 vote for MacArthur." Then another voice would sound off, "Mr. Chairman, I demand a poll of the delegation." Then began another agonized wait while the California delegation was polled one by one. Finally, it was agreed that the California vote was indeed 30-10-1, and the roll called proceeded to the next state. Of course, most of this did not translate well to television.

And of course, there were the boxing matches of the day. It was incredible how the commentators could make any boxing match into the greatest match of the century.

So if you've seen those old-time pictures of families gathered around the radio, our family continued this tradition well into the 1950's.

Telephones

I don't remember that we ever had a phone back on the Savage farm. Maybe it was just as well that we didn't. The party lines of the day were notorious for their lack of privacy. There were six or more parties on the line. Your ring might be 3 short and a long, for instance, at which time you picked up the phone. Whatever your ring was, you might just as well assume that there were usually intruding listeners on the line as nosy neighbors also picked up the phone and listened in.

Lack of a phone wasn't a real severe problem except in emergencies when someone had to run to a neighbor to place a call. This is what happened when we had our famous barn fire, although Father Roy always said that the Coggon fire department was at the farm seven minutes after the call was placed. Not that the fire department could do much.

So we had a great advance when we moved to the Liberty farm and found that we had a phone. This was only a two-party line so that one ring was for one party and two rings was for the other party. Our other party was the Orlan Snyder's and I don't remember ever worrying about eavesdropping.

We also had the experience of lightening striking during the middle of the night and coming in on the phone wire and blowing the phone to pieces.

The net result of our telephone experience was a kind of awe and mystery of our telephone. When the phone rang, everyone looked at each other as if to say, who could be calling us? Then the radio or TV had to be turned down so that everyone in the house could hear just what was going on. And being tethered to the phone with the phone line, there was no way to escape to have a private conversation. As a result, phone conversations were short and to the point, with little visiting, in contrast to some of our neighbors who were famous for being on the phone for hours. I guess you could say that the telephone never became a social instrument for us.

50's cars

The 1950's saw the advent of even bigger and bigger cars. Cars were becoming accessible to more and younger people. I didn't have a car in high school but already, the high school parking lots were filling with student cars. Most were older and included many farm pickups but as time progressed, the quality of student cars seemed to increase.

It was the beginning of the muscle cars. The V-8 engine was becoming the norm and now there began to emerge a fleet of hopped up cars. Put in the big engine with a pair of "glass-pack" mufflers and "Vroom, Vroom," away they went.

There was an odd thing about the boys who owned the hopped up car. Down the street they drove with the 460 cubic in Chrysler hemi engine, _____ 4 speed transmission, racing cams, extra wide tires.....at 15 miles an hour. Cars backed behind as these hotrods crept down the street as if the driver was daring someone, anyone, to dare to try to pass them. And of course, noone dared.

The police force in town amounted to about 3 officers, none of whom was inclined to disturb our young friends as long as they held the speed down and noise down around town. Of course, out in the county on the concrete and asphalt roads there were long black marks as our heroes tried out their machines. And of course, how better to try out your car than with a drag race. The Independence police, understaffed as it was, was pretty successful in keeping the racing from city streets but our small local Sheriff's office was hardly adequate to police the rural roads.

When I came home from college for that year off, I myself liked to cruise down main street with my shiny 1997 Ford. But of course, I couldn't compete with the others. And what do you know, where were the local girls? You guessed it. Riding with the hotrodder. I've said before, I was a dud in High School. It took me a long time to really understand a little of the female psychology. It's not much different from the male.

Movies began to reflect this spirit of rebellion with movies like "Rebel without a cause." James Dean, with his leather jacket and rebellious attitude became a teen idol. It would be later when the Fonz in Happy Days presented a rather sanitized version of the teen rebel. And as with James Dean, some perished in the very cars that they were popularizing. It was as if some had developed some sort of a death wish. And of course, the parent of daughters lived in the fear of a late night phone call.

And the highways were taking a huge toll. Speed limits were high and highways were not yet widened and improved. Seat belts were not standard and would have been considered for sissies, anyway. Wrecks were placed on display at the local gas station and wooden crosses were placed along the highways at the scene of fatal accidents.

This drive for speed and power increased into the 1960's later with the real muscle cars and seems to be a part of the male culture.

I've often thought of the value of what might be called the "basic training" in engines and mechanics that our young men earn with their bicycles, motor bikes, snowmobiles, and cars. When it came time for the military to select tank drivers and such, there was a ready supply of capable drivers who were used to handling large vehicles and equipment. It used to be said that the military was always happy to get the

farm kids. Not just that they were used to working hard but that they could easily adjust to handling large military equipment.

Back to cars of the 1950's. Of course, the majority of cars were family cars, big, boxy, and roomy, and also came the stationwagons, the precursor of the van and mini-van. And of course, Father was still driving the old studebaker. These cars were all heavy and constructed of real steel. To be really dressed, the tires had to have white sidewalls. Bumpers were heavy and chrome. Tail fins appeared. Gradually the car became more and more a status symbol where it remains to this day.

Sunday Afternoons

With rare exception, as with a late harvest or planting season, Sunday afternoons were our day of rest. For some obscure reason, we seemed to be comfortable in lying around Sunday afternoons, doing nothing, and feeling no remorse in our inactivity.

Mother always looked at the Sunday noon meal as an opportunity to serve a large meal so it was easy to sit back later, read the Sunday papers and gradually fall asleep. At some point, Andy and I could always find something to do, but if nothing else, just nap.

Strange that over time, this Sunday afternoon period of relaxation has sort of disappeared as a historical oddity. It seems like today, there is the constant feeling that we ought to be "doing" something. There surely must be something that must be done.

Sunday radio was dominated by religious programming and rather serious musical programs.

And of course, Sundays were a day for visiting with relatives. By this time, both Sisters Ruth and Dorothy were raising families and both came to visit Hazel and Roy quite often. So Andy and I began to have some fun playing with our new nephews and nieces when they came to visit or we visited them.

Winters, we developed the habit of doing jigsaw puzzles and there was almost always a jigsaw puzzle laid out on a cardtable in the winter. Of course, we couldn't be satisfied with a simple puzzle and soon graduated to difficult 1000 piece puzzles. We were also very fond of any kind of puzzles as with the small complex wires, complex wooden puzzles, and such.

And of course, there were yo-yo's. Of all the toys that a person can have, I believe that the yo-yo can give about the most enjoyment of anything you can have. Because it is a solitary sport, it doesn't depend on having anyone around to practice. We would spend hours trying to master all the intricacies of the yo-yo.

Milking

It was on the Liberty farm that I got into the routine of helping with the milking chores. Lloyd, Dorothy, and Ruth were all gone and that left Andy and I to help milk.

Father had rented on shares back on the Savage farm, so the procedure was when the share arrangement was split, the cattle were split as evenly as possible. So our milking as the Liberty farm began with half the cattle that Father had been used to. On the other hand, even though there were fewer cattle, facilities were not as good on the Liberty farm and chores were probably just as time-consuming as before.

Another change was that the Liberty farm had a great deal of permanent pasture, including a large expanse of timber. We found that it was very helpful to put a bell on the lead cow to make it easier to get the cattle up for milking in the summer.

We dumped the milk in cans and as the cans filled, we put the cans in a cooler tank to cool. The milk truck came in the morning and some poor unlucky milkman had to pick the ten-gallon cans out of the cooler and load the cans in the truck. Somewhere in our Dairy career, the idea of using a separator and selling cream and feeding the skim milk to other livestock had gone out of style.

Haying techniques made another "advance" at that time and for a time we chopped hay in the field, hauled it to the barn, and blew it into the barn. This was laborsaving and allowed for faster summer haymaking. But chopping hay required that the hay be dry, and much of the foliage was lost in the process. By the time the hay was fed in the winter, sometimes the hay amounted to stems. The process also created a great dust, both while making the hay in the summer and then in feeding the hay in the winter. Chopping dry hay was one of those advances that didn't last long and was soon replaced by even more efficient methods.

Our dairying on the Liberty farm didn't last long as sometime during my Junior or senior year of High School, Father sold the herd and discontinued farming full time. I think the fact that he was losing all his help was a factor. Probably more importantly, the operation wasn't profitable enough to provide a good living.

The Milk Truck

On the Liberty farm, we sold whole milk. That is, instead of using the old cream separator to separate the cream and feed the skim milk to the hogs, we now strained and poured the whole milk into ten-gallon cans. These cans were placed in a large cooled water tank to wait for the milk hauler.

It wasn't long before the ten-gallon cans also disappeared and bulk milk tanks appeared. So it turned out that there were a few unlucky truckers who had the privilege of picking up a truckload of ten-gallon cans of milk every morning, taking them to the creamery, and unloading those same cans. Since a gallon of milk weighed about eight pounds to the gallon, together with the can, each can had to weigh almost one-hundred pounds.

So the milk hauler leaned over the farmers milk cooler, yanked out each can up and over the edge of the cooler carried it to the truck where he had to heave it onto the truck. It there ever was a back-breaking job, that had to be it. Years of this work could and did ruin a man's back and legs.

We also got our butter of the milk truck. I suppose that the driver carried a supply of butter with him and either left butter on demand or on a regular basis. This was the time of the great butter-oleo wars and of course, no good milk producer would be seen in the supermarket buying oleo. In fact, for a time, oleo had to be clearly marked as being oleo and in Wisconsin, oleo wasn't even legalized until later.

The milk was taken to the creamery and tested for butterfat content, since payment was based on butterfat content. Since Holsteins were noted for volume of milk rather than high butterfat content, it was a constant frustration to find that our milk check wasn't quite as large as we would have liked. And the butterfat content did vary with the types of feed being consumed.

And it could well be that if the farmer had a loan at the bank, the milk check or at least a deduction from the milk check would be made directly to the bank. I don't know if Father Roy had any arrangement like this, but many farmers certainly did. In fact, some creameries had their own financing program to assist the farmer in the purchase of equipment, livestock, and feed, and the payment on the loan deducted directly from the milkcheck.

Problems arose. One problem was mastitis, especially in the winter, and milk infected with mastitis was dumped at the creamery and we got no pay for that shipment. That could be a devastating blow if we missed a two-week milk payment so we had to catch and treat any mastitis outbreak early. Of course, treated milk couldn't be sold, either and had to be either dumped on the farm or fed to hogs.

This was grade-B milk, suitable for cheesemaking and other uses, but not used for milk sales. The actual milk purchased in stores comes from grade-A milk, but the on-farm inspection routine for grade-A milk was more severe than we could develop in our operation.

Anyway, part of our routine of life was the set of truck tire tracks leading down to the milkhouse, the evidence that the milkman had indeed been there.

The House Fire

Fire seems to be just as much a part of nature as wind, rain, and sun. Mother and Father had two houses and one barn burn. But the only house fire that I ever experienced was on the Liberty farm. Looking back, and with perfect hindsight, the fire was predictable. But at the time, it was unexpected and destructive.

It started, although we didn't know it at the time, days earlier with a very close lightening strike. The lightening struck so close that it came in on the telephone wires, and blew the telephone to smithereens. It was in the night and we all sat up bolt upright and ran to see the damage. Aside from the phone, there was no obvious damage, although there was a strong burnt odor in the house.

It was days later when Andy was home, and I was in the North field with the tractor when Andy started to mow the lawn with the electric mower using a convenient plug-in in the North wall of the house. Before he knew it, the house was on fire. He dashed in, called the fire department, and carried out Father's business desk drawer. Mother was very proud of Andy.

The fire did considerable damage to the living room and filled the house with hot smoke that ruined everything that the fire didn't reach. This was my first real introduction to the heat of a fire in the home. Even in areas that the fire didn't reach, Mothers plastic curtains were melted. It was obvious that in a few more minutes, the fire would have been out of control.

The insurance company was good and repairs were started immediately. It was then that we realized the damage that the lightening strike had done. When the wallboard was stripped from the walls, there were burn marks on much of the studding where the lightening had arced between the electrical wires and the spikes. It had been very lucky that the house hadn't burned to begin with when originally struck by lightening.

Of course, later I took the opportunity to try to burn the house down myself. I was burning wood and was using the required 3-ply metalbestos chimney to exhaust up the side of the house, through the eave, and over the roof. One day, I just happened to look up at the eave, and darned if smoke wasn't coming out of the eave. I climbed up in the attic with some water and sure enough, the wood was burning next to the pipe. I put it out but that was a close enough call for me. If I hadn't been there just at that time, the house would have burned.

That metalbestos pipe was not the answer that I thought it was. The stove was in the basement and toward morning, the fire would die down. Did you know that it was possible, in very cold weather, for the exhaust to reverse and cold air to come rushing down the chimney? I hadn't known that could happen and when it did, I realized the danger. Because the stove was an airtight stove, it didn't really represent any danger in our house. But I read of a fatal fire in the Iowa City area caused by such a down draft into a fireplace that blew the embers onto the carpet and that was all it took.

With all our family history of fires, you would think that we would be super careful. But the problem is that years go by with no problems and we get careless. The fear of fire was with us on the Savage farm. Periodically, the chimney would catch on fire.

NFO

One of the reasons Father Roy chose to leave farming was that the middle and late 1950's were a time of great stress on the farm. The price of corn couldn't seem to get up to or over \$1.00 per bushel. Milk prices were low and the price of market hogs hovered down below \$10.00 per hundred.

The net result was a rise in farmer activism that was most evident in the rise of the National Farmers Organization (NFO). Over history, there had been many organization formed for the purposes working for farm interests, including the Grange, the Greenback party, the Farmers Union, and even the Farm Bureau. Most also had a social purpose and were based on easy money.

The NFO was different from the old farm organizations in the sense that it was the closest to old industrial union ideas. According to the NFO, farmers should join together to market their produce. Using the strength of numbers, these local branches of the NFO could then negotiate with milk processors, beef and hog producers, from the position of strength. Together, the NFO member units could negotiate contracts with the buyers where the sellers could guarantee a certain number of hogs, for instance, to be delivered on regular days, and thereby get a better price than an ordinary individual producer might receive.

Of course, the system wouldn't work without penalties for those farmers who didn't go along, so part of the NFO program were strikes. With enough members, the threat of a strike by producers could be effective.

The NFO didn't work because of the natural independence of farmers and the fact that striking wasn't too practical for a milk producer or hog producer. After all, refusing to deliver product to the market only resulted of buildups of milk and heavier hogs. And there was the general ethical resistance to the idea of dumping milk or killing baby pigs to reduce supply.

So there also developed scattered instances of violence, mostly of implied threats against neighbors who insisted on marketing during a so-called strike. There were instances of nails being places on roadways where the trucks traveled. But my analysis is that the concept was flawed from the beginning.

But one of the most interesting aspects of the NFO was the leader, Orin Lee Staley. Like many other leaders, past and present, Mr. Staley presented impressive figure who generated enthusiasm and support in part, through his own charisma.

While I was at Iowa State, Orin Lee Staley came to make a speech and I attended out of general interest. I'll have to say that we don't seem to generate that type of leader anymore. That is, the man appeared in a time of stress and generated a new and potentially successful program whose purpose was to put more money in the hands of farmers.

I've often wondered just what kind of files the government generated about Orin Lee Staley. This was at a time that anyone who stood out, particularly anyone advocating farm strikes and farm unionism, could and would be called pink-o or even communist.

County Fair

Whether it is my imagination, it seemed as if the county fair was bigger in my youth than it is today. We still had harness racing at the fair, in my youth. But already back in the 50's, people were losing interest in the horse racing and showing much more interest in the auto races.

Of course, there was the midway where young people could mingle and try for one of the prizes. Our favorite was the small kind of "dragline" challenge where you dropped in a quarter and tried to get the claws of the dragline to pick up a prize. Of course, there were many close calls but little success.

One of the most popular grandstand attractions was the Joey Chitwood thrill show featuring auto daredevils. Around the track they would come, criss-crossing dangerously close. This was the first time I ever saw a person roll a car almost on its side, but not quite over and drive along on the two wheels. The climax came with one car jumping over a ramp while another car drove underneath.

One year, during the introductions, the announcer was introducing each driver, one at a time, and as the name was introduced, the driver approached at high speed with the car, slid sideways into position, and leaped out to take his bow. Of course, the last driver slid in and the car slowly rolled over on its top. Pretty embarrassing, we thought.

We also had the midget auto races. These cars were pretty impressive as whatever they lacked in size, they made up for in power and speed. During the race, the noise rose, the dirt flew, and the crowd roared for their favorite.

One year, the fair board splurged and sold raffle tickets for a brand new car. The car was Ford Falcon and it was parked proudly beside the grandstand awaiting the drawing to be held after the midget auto race. Wouldn't you know, during one of the races, one of the cars went out of control, crashed through the fence and smashed directly into the poor old Falcon. The race car had a heavy grill and was not really damaged but the Falcon was ruined. Probably the fair board wasn't feeling pretty ruined, too. But they gritted their teeth and made good on the car.

Plowing

Plowing is one of the last jobs that the beginning farm youth is allowed to attempt. The ability to plow a straight furrow was a valued talent and not that easy to learn.

If only we had had a decent tractor and plow. I learned with the F-20 as the tractor and a 2-16 plow. This plow had an automatic disconnect on the hitch, which was designed to unhitch the plow when you struck too big a rock. The result was that the plow would suddenly unhitch and the tractor would leap forward so quickly that you were likely, if caught unaware, to fall off the back of the tractor. So here is Harry, gripping the steering wheel, and bang, off goes the plow and the tractor lunges forward. All was well until the day the steering wheel came loose and bang, here was Harry picking himself off the ground with the steering wheel in his hand and chasing down the careening tractor.

Father rented a 20 acres next to the Liberty farm and sent me to plow. That 20 acres had the biggest and most rocks of any place I have ever been. After climbing on and off that tractor, rehitching and rehitching, the air started to become blue with a profanity that I didn't know that I had before.

So it was a great advance when I purchased a tractor and plow that had 5 bottoms with automatic reset on each bottom. A large rock would trip one bottom only and the spring would return the bottom to its proper setting as you passed over the rock. Luckily, I had a cab on the tractor, as when the bottom sprung back, it was possible for it to shoot dirt and pebbles forward into the tractor.

Which reminds me of hauling manure with the wind at your back. You'll only do that once!

It used to be that when plowing, the great plowman left a field that was totally black. The reason for this was that the then prevailing theory held that you had to bury the crop residue for insect control. Lately, it seems that the more residue that the farmer leaves on top of the ground, the better.

Plowing is going out of the country to be replaced with minimum tillage techniques. The old art of plowing a straight furrow is out of style. But I have found other occasions for perfecting and practicing my profanity.

Russia

Another important element of the formative years of my life was the threat of communism. Communism was the big bug-a-boo of the day. It wasn't that the communist threat extended down to our level and that we were afraid communists would burst into our houses at any time. It was more that communism was like a black cloud hanging on the horizon, to be beaten back wherever it seemed to be advancing.

And there was the real threat of Nuclear war. We had no bomb shelter, but I do remember considering just what we would do if the bombs, and more likely, the radiation were to come. How we would close off the house and barn to protect ourselves and the livestock. How we really should stock up on survival supplies, including canned food and water, so that if the day came, we could be part of the survivors.

I really had the idea that Russian bombers could appear at any time, not to drop bombs on our farm, but on their way to big air bases in the Midwest. I had dreams that I was outside and the vapor trails appeared, with the planes getting closer and closer until I recognized the Soviet markings. In my dreams, the earth shook and in the distance appeared a mushroom cloud, perhaps over Cedar Rapids because of Rockwell Collins, or Omaha, because of the SAC base.

I mention all this because I wonder if anyone really realizes the overall effect of the years of waiting for a nuclear event that seemed if not likely, at least in the realm of possibility.

For one thing, the gloomy possibility of nuclear war led to a certain sense of fatalism in myself and I believe in other people. It was common for people to say, in effect, "Oh well, we'll probably just be blown away someday, anyway." There was a very real, if small, sense that whatever we did on a personal level really might not make much difference, anyway, when the bomb went up. I might add, that there was a continual stream of books and movies that followed this theme of nuclear war, and presented visions of the earth after the war.

And if you had a problem with procrastination in your nature, you had the ultimate fallback position. It might not make any difference, anyway.

Dreams

I have been always plagued with what I call insecurity dreams with many dreams of falling, and failing. In my dream, I would climb to the top of the windmill and fall off. The falling always seemed to be in slow motion and I seemed to wake up before I hit. Another time, I might be going on to do the school play or sing a song, and at the last moment, realize I was in my underwear, or even naked.

I have since learned that these types of dreams are perfectly normal and most people have the same or similar. I remember Kim telling me that she dreamed that she was taking her baby home from the hospital and was horrified to lose her grip on the baby and the baby's head bounced down the hospital steps.

Another common dream was that I was running away from some danger, like wolves or another dangerous animal. I could barely move in these dreams, and it seems like I was running in slow motion and when I did get to the fence, I couldn't get over.

When I was older, I would be in the locker room with my teammates, dressing for the big game. But I couldn't remember the locker combination! The team had to go on while I struggled on.

In college, my dream was that I would wake up at final exam time and realize that I had signed up for a course and had never attended class all semester.

But anyway, why didn't anyone ever tell me that these dreams are normal and a part of everyday human existence. I grew up half-believing that there must be something wrong with me. It took time to realize that those insecurity dreams represented insecurities in my life, as we all have.

So early on, I tried to take the attitude that even these scary dreams were really something to be enjoyed and analyzed. There was only one problem. Immediately after you wake, the dream is still vivid and at that time, easy to dissect and study. Later, after you wake in the morning, most of the dream is gone forever.

Coops

I realize that many readers in Iowa have good feelings toward Coops and the Cooperative movement was a necessary and vital step in the development of rural Iowa. Unfortunately, our own personal experience with coops has been uniformly bad.

A word of explanation for those unfamiliar with the concept of the Coop. As you sold your produce, or purchased supplies as with a purchasing Coop, a certain percentage of your proceeds were withheld as stock and pooled into a revolving fund which provided the operating expenses of the Coop. At the end of the year, a dividend was paid out of the profits. Looking back, it would appear that the most crucial element in the operation was that of management and I assume in many of the early Coops, management wasn't that good.

When Father and Mother were milking big, for a time they were the biggest customer in the Coggon Cooperative Creamery. I was never privy to whether they ever received much for dividends, but I do know that after we moved to the Liberty farm, the Coggon creamery went broke, taking with it all accumulated stock, etc. From the Liberty farm, we sold milk to the Jesup Cooperative creamery. Same result.

During my time in Independence, I have seen the establishment of a grain cooperative which finally went broke and closed. And then there is the REC, or Rural Electric Cooperative. When we first moved to Independence, the annual meetings of the Cooperative were held in the Malak Theater and the crowds were enormous. Every year, the dividend checks were distributed at the annual meeting.

Today the annual meetings are still held, but at the small meeting room of the cooperative. Dividend checks are still being distributed, up to somewhere in the 1970's. In other words, at this rate, since Kim and I went on the system in 1978, it will take another 8 years (Year 2002) before we get a dividend check for our usage during the year 1978. What a deal! Of course you can always collect your dividend check at any time, the only requirement is that you die.

Consolidations

Life in the local educational field has been one long series of consolidations. The first that we went through was the creation Monti Consolidated school from local township schools. Since we moved to the Liberty farm, once again we went through the consolidation of local schools into the Independence School district.

Looking back, it all seems so logical and necessary. But at the time, these consolidation movements were very controversial. Basically, the fear was of increased taxes and loss of local control. And the fears were justified.

But the necessity of forming larger schools was so obvious that eventually, no matter how strong the opposition, the consolidations were eventually effected. The net result, over time, was that Troy Mills, Coggon, Quasqueton, and most other small towns lost their High Schools and this was one of the biggest blows that could be suffered by a declining small town. With the loss of the school came the loss of many of the teachers along with many other school employees. And more importantly came the loss of town pride in their local school system.

But there is no going back, only forward. These fights over consolidation were fought by good-hearted people who believed that the old system was good and would serve the future. On the other side were the educational professionals and citizens of the larger town who were likely to see their school system continue and even enlarge. When the size of the towns was relatively equal and severe "turf" battles likely, a compromise was likely to be reached and the new High School created in the middle of some farm field. Names chosen for the consolidated schools were deliberately generic, as with East Buchanan (Quasqueton, Winthrop, Aurora), and North Linn (Coggon, Walker, Troy Mills).

Well, I still remember the one room Newton Township school I attended until Monti Consolidated. Donald Reilly and I were the only two members of our class. And later, at the Liberty Township school, Jim Beebe and I were the only members of our class. It was too much to expect that these small schools could last.

Military

Of course, as we research our ancestors, we are hoping that we will find some great heroes of the various wars. Truthfully, I can see loyal service but not many medals in our ancestry.

Father Roy was born in 1900 so he was too young to serve in WWI, although he did serve in ROTC when he was at Ames. Uncle Clarence served in WWI and suffered with gas attacks which left his lungs damaged. Uncle Donald served with the Marines in WWII and I'm sure there were others.

Brother Lloyd went in the Army during the Korean War. My memories are that he trained at Fort Bliss, Texas, and took advanced training in the Quad-50's. The war was ending and he was stationed in Hokkaido, Japan, where of course, there were no Quad-50's. So he served in an administrative position. Of course, the headquarters building burned down.

Brother Andy went in the Army in the 60's with the promise of Russian language training at Fort Ord in Monterey, California. Of course, there was no Russian class starting when he got there, so he got Arabic language training instead. I've always kidded him about translating Arabic comic books.

Anyway, Andy's tour in California coincided with my travels in the Marines and I got the opportunity to visit Andy at Fort Ord. And since I was going overseas, Andy picked up my Triumph and drove the car back to Iowa. At least started to drive back. On the way, he and his buddy had a serious accident with the car and Andy injured his arm, which was very lucky considering the seriousness of the accident. Incidentally, if anyone ever notices that my Marine Corp sword is bent, this happened in that accident.

This Triumph came without seatbelts and I drove it many miles without seatbelts. But Andy's buddy insisted that seatbelts be installed before they started on that fateful trip and this simple act probably saved their lives.

